The TATLER.

By *Iſaac Bickerſtaff* Eſq;

Quicquid agunt Homines noſtri Farrago Libelli.

From *Tueſday May* 31. to *Thurſday June* 2. 1709.

White's Chocolate-houſe, May 31.

THE Generality of Mankind are ſo very fond of this World, and of ſtaying in it, that a Man cannot have Eminent Skill in any one Art, but they will, in Spite of his Teeth, make him a Phyſician alſo; that being the Science the Worldlings have moſt need of. I pretended, when I firſt ſet up, to Aſtrology only; but I am told, I have deep Skill alſo in Medecine. I am apply'd to now by a Gentleman for my Advice in Behalf of his Wife, who, upon the leaſt Matrimonial Difficulty, is exceſſively troubled with Fits, and can bear no Manner of Paſſion without falling into immediate Convulſions. I muſt confeſs, it is a Caſe I have known before, and remember the Party was recover'd by certain Words pronounc'd in the midſt of the Fit by the Learned Doctor who perform'd the Cure. Theſe Ails have uſually their Beginning from the Affections of the Mind: Therefore you muſt have Patience to let me give you the Cauſe of the Diſtemper, and proceed in the Cure as follows:

A fine Town Lady was married to a Gentleman of ancient Deſcent in one of the Counties of *Great Britain*, who had good Humour to a Weakneſs, and was that Sort of Perſon, of whom it is uſually ſaid, He is no Man's Enemy but his own: One who had too much Tenderneſs of Soul to have any Authority with his Wife; and ſhe too little Senſe to give him Authority for that Reaſon. His kind Wife obſerv'd this Temper in him, and made proper Uſe of it. But knowing it was below a Gentlewoman to wrangle, ſhe reſolv'd upon an Expedient to ſave Decorum, and wear her Dear to her Point at the ſame Time. She therefore took upon her to govern him, by falling into Fits whenever ſhe was repuls'd in a Requeſt, or contradicted in a Diſcourſe. It was a Fiſh-Day, when, in the midſt of her Husband's good Humour at Table, ſhe bethought her ſelf to try her Project. She made Signs that ſhe had ſwallow'd a Bone. The Man grew pale as Aſhes, and ran to her Aſſiſtance, calling for Drink. No, my Dear, ſaid ſhe, recovering, It is down; don't be frighten'd. This Accident betray'd his Softneſs enough. The next Day ſhe complain'd, a Lady's Chariot, whoſe Husband had not half his Income, had a Crane-neck, and hung with twice the Air that hers did. He anſwer'd, Madam, You know my Income; you know I have loſt Two Coach-Horſes this Spring.— Down ſhe fell.— Hartſhorn! *Betty, Suſan, Alice*, throw Water in her Face. With much Care and Pains ſhe was at laſt brought to her ſelf, and the Vehicle in which ſhe viſited was amended in the niceſt Manner, to prevent Relapſes; but they frequently happen'd during that Husband's whole Life, which he had the good Fortune to end in few Years after. The Diſconſolate ſoon pitch'd upon a very agreeable Succeſſor, whom ſhe very prudently deſign'd to govern by the ſame Method. This Man knew her little Arts, and reſolv'd to break through all Tenderneſs, and be abſolute Maſter, aſſoon as Occaſion offer'd. One Day it happen'd, that a Diſcourſe aroſe about Furniture: He was very glad of the Occaſion, and fell into an Invective againſt *China*, proteſting, he would never let Five Pounds more of his Money be laid out that Way as long as he breath'd. She immediately fainted: He ſtarts up as amaz'd, and calls for Help: The Maids ran to the Cloſet: He chafes her Face, bends her forwards, and beats the Palms of her Hands: Her Convulſions increaſe, and down ſhe tumbles on the Floor, where ſhe lies quite dead, in Spight of what all the whole Family, from the Nurſery to the Kitchin, could do for her Relief.

While every Servant was thus helping or lamenting their Miſtreſs, he, fixing his Cheek to hers, ſeem'd to be following her in a Trance of Sorrow; but ſecretly whiſpers her, *My Dear, This will never do: What is within my Power and Fortune, you may always command, but none of your Artifices: You are quite in other Hands than thoſe you paſs'd theſe pretty Paſſions upon.* This made her almoſt in the Condition ſhe pretended; her Convulſions now come thicker, nor was ſhe to be held down. The kind Man doubles his Care, helps the Servants to throw Water in her Face by full Quarts; and when the ſinking Part of the Fit came again; *Well, my Dear*, (ſaid he) *I applaud your Action; but I muſt take my Leave of you till you are more ſincere with me. Farewell for ever: You ſhall always know where to hear of me, and want for nothing.* With that, he order'd the Maids to keep plying her with Hartſhorn, while he went for a Phyſician: He was ſcarce at the Stair-head when ſhe followed; and pulling him into a Cloſet, gave him Thanks for her Cure; which was ſo abſolute, that ſhe gave me this Relation her ſelf, to be communicated for the Benefit of all the voluntary Invalids of her Sex.

From my own Apartment, May 31.

The Publick is not ſo little my Concern, tho' I am but a Student, as that I ſhould not intereſt my ſelf in the preſent great Things in Agitation. I am ſtill of Opinion, the *French* King will ſign the Preliminaries: With that View, I have ſent him by my Familiar the following Epiſtle, and admoniſh'd him, on Pain of what I ſhall ſay of him to future Generations, to act with Sincerity on this Occaſion.

London, May 31.

Iſaac Bickerſtaff *Eſq;* of Great Britain, to Lewis *the Fourteenth of* France.

THE ſurpriſing News which arriv'd this Day, of your Majeſty's having refuſed to ſign the Treaty your Miniſters have in a Manner ſued for, is what gives Ground to this Application to your Majeſty,

jeſty, from one whoſe Name, perhaps, is too obſcure to have ever reach'd your Territories; but one, who with all the *European* World, is affected with your Determinations. Therefore, as it is mine and the common Cauſe of Mankind, I preſume to expoſtulate with you on this Occaſion. It will, I doubt not, appear to the Vulgar extravagant, that the Actions of a mighty Prince ſhould be ballanc'd by the Cenſure of a private Man, whoſe Approbation or Diſlike are equally contemptible in their Eyes, when they regard the Thrones of Sovereigns. But your Majeſty has ſhown, through the whole Courſe of your Reign, too great a Value for Liberal Arts to be inſenſible, that true Fame lies only in the Hands of Learned Men, by whom it is to be tranſmitted to Futurity, with Marks of Honour or Reproach to the End of Time. The Date of Human Life is too ſhort to recompence the Cares which attend the moſt private Condition: Therefore it is, that our Souls are made as it were too big for it, and extend themſelves in the Proſpect of a longer Exiſtence, in a good Fame and Memory of worthy Actions after our Deceaſe. The whole Race of Men have this Paſſion in ſome Degree implanted in their Boſoms, which is the ſtrongeſt and nobleſt Incitation to honeſt Attempts: But the baſe Uſe of the Arts of Peace, Eloquence, Poetry, and all the Parts of Learning, have been poſſeſs'd by Souls ſo unworthy thoſe Faculties, that the Names and Appellations of Things have been confounded by the Labours and Writings of proſtituted Men, who have ſtamp'd a Reputation upon ſuch Actions, as are in themſelves the Objects of Contempt and Diſgrace. This is that which has miſled your Majeſty in the Conduct of your Reign, and made that Life, which might have been the moſt imitable, the moſt to be avoided. To this it is, that the great and excellent Qualities of which your Majeſty is Maſter, are loſt in their Application; and your Majeſty has been carrying on for many Years the moſt cruel Tyranny, with all the noble Methods which are uſed to ſupport a juſt Reign. Thus it is, that it avails nothing that you are a Bountiful Maſter; that you are ſo Generous as to reward even the Unſucceſsful with Honour and Riches; that no laudable Action paſſes unrewarded in your Kingdoms; that you have ſearch'd all Nations for obſcure Merit. In a Word, that you are in your private Character endow'd with every Princely Quality, when all this is ſubjected to unjuſt and ill-taught Ambition, which to the Injury of the World, is gilded by thoſe Endowments. However, if your Majeſty will condeſcend to look into your own Soul, and conſider all its Faculties and Weakneſſes with Impartiality; if you will but be convinc'd, that Life is ſupported in you by the ordinary Methods of Food, Reſt, and Sleep; you would think it impoſſible that you could ever be ſo much impos'd on, as to have been wrought into a Belief, that ſo many Thouſands of the ſame Make with your ſelf, were form'd by Providence for no other End, but by the Hazard of their very Being to extend the Conqueſts and Glory of an Individual of their own Species. A very little Reflection will convince your Majeſty, that ſuch cannot be the Intent of the Creator; and if not, What Horror muſt it give your Majeſty to think of the vaſt Devaſtations your Ambition has made among your Fellow-Creatures? While the Warmth of Youth, the Flattery of Crowds, and a continual Series of Succeſs and Triumph, indulg'd your Majeſty in this Alluſion of Mind, it was leſs to be wonder'd at, that you proceeded in this miſtaken Purſuit of Grandeur; but when Age, Diſappointments, Publick Calamities, Perſonal Diſtempers, and the Reverſe of all that makes Men forget their true Being, are fallen upon you: Heavens! Is it poſſible you can live without Remorſe? Can the wretched Man be a Tyrant? Can Grief ſtudy Torments? Can Sorrow be Cruel? Your Majeſty will obſerve, I do not bring againſt you a railing Accuſation; but as you are a ſtrict Profeſſor of Religion, I beſeech your Majeſty to ſtop the Effuſion of Blood, by receiving the Opportunity which preſents it ſelf, for the Preſervation of your diſtreſs'd People. Be no longer infatuated to hope for Renown from Murder and Violence: But conſider, that the Great Day will come, in which this World and all its Glory ſhall change in a Moment: When Nature ſhall ſicken, and the Earth and Sea give up the Bodies committed to them, to appear before the laſt Tribunal. Will it then, Oh King! be an Anſwer for the Lives of Millions who have fallen by the Sword? *They periſh'd for my Glory.* That Day will come on, and one like it is immediately approaching: Injur'd Nations advance towards thy Habitation: Vengeance has began its March, which is to be directed only by the Penitence of the Oppreſſor. Awake, O Monarch, from thy Lethargy! Diſdain the Abuſes thou haſt receiv'd: Pull down the Statue which calls thee Immortal: Be truly Great: Tear thy Purple; and put on Sackcloth.

I am,

Thy Generous Enemy,

Iſaac Bickerſtaff.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, June 1.

Advices from *Bruſſels* of the 6th Inſtant, *N. S.* ſay, His Highneſs Prince *Eugene* has receiv'd a Letter from Monſieur *Torcy*, wherein that Miniſter, after many Expreſſions of great Reſpect, acquaints him, That his Maſter had abſolutely refus'd to ſign the Preliminaries to the Treaty which he had, in his Majeſty's Behalf, conſented to at the *Hague*. Upon the Receipt of this Intelligence, the Face of Things at that Place were immediately alter'd, and the neceſſary Orders were tranſmitted to the Troops (which lay moſt remote from thence) to move towards the Place of Rendezvous with all Expedition. The Enemy ſeem alſo to prepare for the Field, and have at preſent drawn together Twenty five Thouſand Men in the Plains of *Lenz*. Mareſchal *Villars* is at the Head of thoſe Troops; and has given the Generals under his Command all poſſible Aſſurances, that he will turn the Fate of the War to the Advantage of his Maſter.

They write from the *Hague* of the 7th, That Monſ. *Rouille* had receiv'd Orders from the Court of *France*, to ſignify to the States General and the Miniſters of the High Allies, That the King could not conſent to the Preliminaries of a Treaty of Peace, as it was offer'd to him by Monſieur *Torcy*. It is ſaid, the great Difficulty is the Buſineſs of *Spain*, on which Particular his Miniſters ſeem'd only to ſay, during the Treaty, that it was not ſo immediately under their Maſter's Direction, as that he could anſwer for its being relinquiſh'd by the Duke of *Anjou*: But now he poſitively anſwers, That he cannot comply with what his Miniſter has promis'd in his Behalf, even in ſuch Points as are wholly in himſelf to act in or not. This has had no other Effect, than to give the Alliance freſh Arguments for being diffident of Engagements made by *France*. The Penſioner has made a Report of all which this Miniſter has declar'd, and all Things turn towards a vigorous War. The Duke of *Marlborough* deſign'd to leave the *Hague* within Two Days, in order to put himſelf at the Head of the Army, which is to aſſemble on the 17th Inſtant between the *Scheld* and the *Lis*. A Fleet of Eighty Sail, laden with Corn from the *Baltic*, is arriv'd in the *Texel*. The States have ſent Circular Letters to all the Provinces, to notify this Change of Affairs, and animate their Subjects to new Reſolutions in the Defence of their Country.

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